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## Vacation Plans

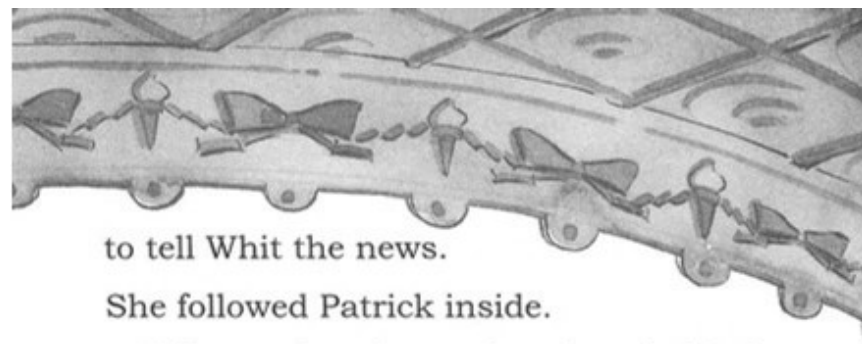


Beth raced down the sidewalk toward Whit's End. Her footsteps pounded on the sidewalk. Patrick jogged behind her.

It was a hot summer day. Beads of sweat dripped down the back of Beth's neck.

All of a sudden Patrick raced past Beth. He reached the door to Whit's End first and pushed it open.

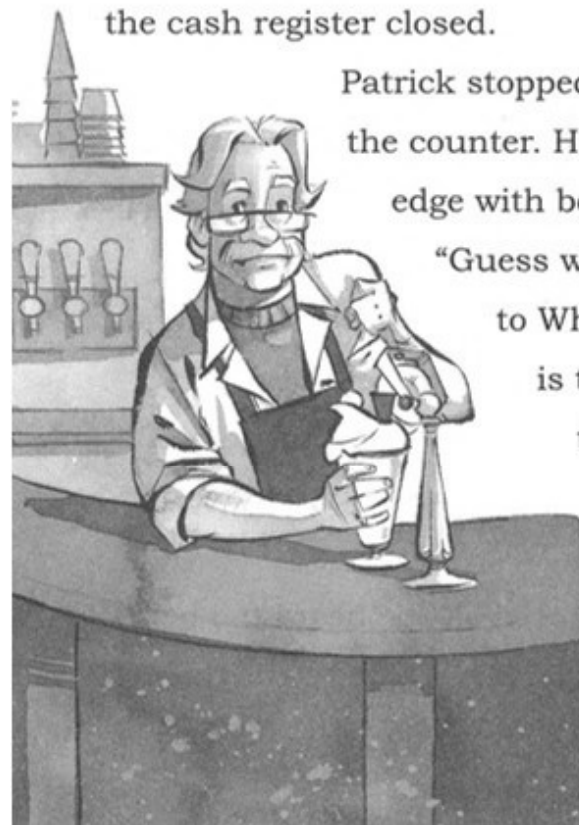
Beth was annoyed as she heard the bell on the door jingle. She wanted to be the first



to tell Whit the news.

She followed Patrick inside.

Whit stood at the cash register behind the counter. He handed some change to a customer. Then he pushed the drawer of the cash register closed.



Patrick stopped in front of the counter. He grabbed the edge with both hands.

"Guess what?" he said to Whit. "Grandma is taking us on a trip—"

"To Boston!" Beth said before

Patrick could finish. She saw a flash of irritation cross Patrick's face.

Beth moved to the counter next to her cousin.

Whit looked from Beth to Patrick.  
"Summer vacation plans?" he asked.

"Yes!" Beth said. The words tumbled out.  
"Grandma has been planning a surprise—"

"And my mom just told me today," Patrick said. "Grandma bought plane tickets—"

"And we get to leave tomorrow," Beth said.  
"So we have to pack right away."

Beth grinned at Patrick, and Patrick grinned back. Beth didn't feel annoyed anymore. Now she just felt excited.

"Why is Boston so special?" Whit asked.

"Boston is where the American Revolution started," Beth said. "We learned about it in

school. Grandma wants us to see the places we learned about."

"That should make it all come alive," Whit said. "I have a Bible from the Revolutionary War. It's been in my family for generations."

"Cool!" Patrick said. "I'll bet it's worth a lot of money."

"Maybe," Whit said. "Though I'd never sell it."

"May we see it?" Beth asked.

"Of course," Whit said. Then he paused and rubbed his chin. "If I can remember where I put it."

"You don't know where it is?" Patrick asked. "How could you lose something as important as that?"

"I haven't lost it," Whit said. "I cleaned out my attic and moved a lot of things around. I think it's in a box . . ." Whit snapped his

### *Vacation Plans*

fingers. "I remember where it is. Follow me!"

The cousins followed Whit down the stairs. The stairway led to his basement workshop.

They walked over to one of the workbenches. It was covered with screws and nails. Beth saw hammers and wrenches and what looked like electronic parts.

Whit reached under the workbench. He grabbed the handle of a wooden chest. It reminded Beth of a pirate's treasure chest.

"Umph!" said Whit. The wooden chest moved slightly. Whit pulled harder. The chest slid out from under the bench. "There."

He stood up and searched the top of the workbench. He smiled and grabbed a key. It was lying next to an old radio tube. He knelt down and put the key in the chest's lock.

*Click.*